

You're My Cure

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Category: Best Friends Whenever, Bunk™d

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Shelby

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-09 20:08:46

Updated: 2016-04-09 20:08:46

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:02:53

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,697

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Being a backup singer for a famous musician isn't all as it cracked up to be, especially when that backup singer's name is Shelby Marcus. When a longtime fear from her past causes her a case of stage fright before a concert, luckily, someone's there to get rid it. And it might help Shelby find some inspiration in her heart as well. Shelby/Xander one-shot. Set in Shelby's POV. AU.

You're My Cure

\*\*\*"You're My Cure"\*\*\*

\*\*\*Rated K+\*\*\*

\*\*\*Pairing: Shelby Marcus x Xander\*\*\*

\*\*\*Summary: Being a backup singer for a famous musician isn't all as it cracked up to be, especially when that backup singer's name is Shelby Marcus. When a longtime fear from her past causes her a case of stage fright before a concert, luckily, someone's there to get rid it. And it might help Shelby find some inspiration in her heart as well.\*\*\*

\*\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own anything associated with Best Friends Whenever, BUNK'D or any of those characters at all. Best Friends Whenever, BUNK'D and its characters are owned by It's A Laugh Productions and Disney Channel. Anyway, this takes place somewhere around 10 years in the future. So here's a little first for you all: A one-shot starring two of my favorite character from two of my favorite shows, Shelby Marcus and Xander! Just a little warning that there may be fluff involved at the end. If you like fluff like this, than enjoy!\*\*\*

\*\*\*P.S.: This takes place inside Shelby's P.O.V.\*\*\*

\*\*\*P.P.S.: I do not also own the lyrics and song Cherry Bomb, which is

owned by one of my favorite singers from the 1980's, John Mellencamp. If you haven't heard the song on YouTube, check it out. It's pure 80's at best. Anyway, on with the fic!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Shelby's POV<strong>

I gotta admit, being a backup singer for a famous hot guy definitely got me mixed results.

I mean I'm actually gonna be performing on stage with the one and only Xander Quinn. There was so much in my mind when it comes to Xander. The guy definitely had it all: Excellent guitar skills, perfect smile, soft brown hair, perfect muscular body and not to mention those perfect green eyes. Whenever I think about them, all of the problems and weight completely drive off my shoulders. Not to mention it makes my entire body and lower legs melt on impact. Of course, that was the good thing about him.

But the bad news about being a backup singer was this:

I have total stage fright.

Every time I would try to perform on stage, I would do nothing but stutter out my words and sometimes freeze in fear if I have to. It was even more stupid that I took this audition in the first place, but there was no way I wouldn't wanna pass an offer to sing with my favorite musician. It was always my dream to sing. I mean, I have an excellent singing voice. But there was never a moment where I could get past a single performance without wetting myself. I had this little fear of mine ever since I was 10 years old. It was a talent show that me and my good friend from 10 years later, Cyd Ripley, were doing. We were singing "Baby One More Time" for the talent show, and some bully ended up pulling a squirt gun on me, hitting me right below the belt. I was so humiliated, I never got on top of stage again. To this day, I still shudder going up onstage without anyone thinking I peed my skirt thanks to some lame-o water gun.

I was even lucky I nailed the audition perfectly. It was just two judges with a clipboard and no sign of any water guns in the audience. But I was still scared of the fact that someone from the audience would point that Super Soaker at me and pull the trigger, leading everyone to believe that I peed in my underwear.

The first stop that we arrived on Xander's tour was New York City in Madison Square Garden. New York City was a wonderful place to be in. Just the feeling of warm wind breezing through your neck was only a small relief of my problems. And the feeling of city lights blaring all over the city felt a little magical in my eyes. Seeing all of the things like Statue of Liberty, Times Square, Rockefeller Park was enjoyable. Sometimes, it made me realize why I rather do sightseeing instead of backup singing in the first place.

The fear of water guns was still there, however. I felt this coming after we hit the stage for rehearsal. The only thing that could take my mind of water guns was if I thought of something else to think about. One of the things I could think about was either Xander, Cyd, my brothers, a naked Naldo being glued to a pickle jar (which I think it's pretty funny), or Barry being glued to Naldo. But every one of

those thoughts were replaced by something else...

\*SWOOSH!\*

The sound of that water gun coming right towards me, humiliating me again. Like I was gonna let that happen. I continued to sit on one of the soundsystems as I closed my eyes and think of random objects while time passed me by.

"Okay, come on Shelby, think of hamburgers..." I said, whispering to myself. "Delicious tasty hamburgers. Either McDonalds, Burger King, Hardees, Wendy's, Sonic or any home-cooked hamburger. Don't ever think about water guns, Shelby. Don't think about water guns..."

It worked for a little while until a hand touched me.

"Shelby?"

"AUUUGH!" I shouted, waking up in total fear.

I spun around quickly to see my crush Xander standing before me.

"What the heck?!" I reacted constantly. "I was trying to think here!"

"Why?!" Xander shrugged. "Is that why you were saying hamburgers the whole time?"

"I honestly wish," I sighed. "To be honest, I'm not really sure I should go out tonight."

That was the perfect response for me to come up with. Anything to get rid of this stage fright, especially leaving Xander high and dry on his tour.

"Why would you want to leave?" Xander shrugged in concern. "There's no way this concert's gonna be a success if I don't have any of my backup dancers with me. Tell me why you don't wanna perform."

"I can't tell you," I shook my head. "It's just too humiliating."

"Shelby, you can tell me anything." He said, taking a seat on top of the sound system next to me.

I couldn't help but blush when he placed his hand on my shoulder. I agree that it felt pretty nice and comforting the first time. Taking a huge deep breath, he went on.

"Look, I'm pretty trusting guy when it comes to problems." He said, soothing my heart. "If there's anything itching you at all, I promise you I'm gonna do my chance to make things better for you. Me and my crew are with you on this, Shelby. Please tell me what's going on with you. I can take it well."

"Promise to keep this a secret?" I said to him calmly.

"Of course." Xander nodded.

Taking a deep breath myself, I finally admitted this little problem to him head-on.

"The truth is, I have stage fright." I replied. "It all happened in this little talent show where I was 10 years old. I was performing a Britney Spears song with my friend Cyd when this kid somehow appeared with a little water gun in hand. And he ended up hitting my groin with lemonade, leaking my skirt all over. People started laughing at me, thinking that I've wet myself in front of everybody. I was so humiliated that I never got on stage again to this very day. I still don't go to talent shows this day without someone shooting lemonade at me."

"Really?" Xander raised his eyebrow.

"Yeah, that's how it all happened." I nodded.

I thought Xander would be disappointed at me for once, but strangely, he kept in his smile.

"Shelby, there's nothing to be afraid about." He said, cheering me up.

"Well, there is!" I nodded back.

"Look, if it makes you feel any better, I used to have stage fright myself."

When that statement caught me by surprise, I turned to him immediately.

"You did?" I asked.

"Yeah," Xander nodded. "There was this one time I had to perform at a talent show myself. It was right in the 6th grade and been playing guitar for only three months. The only song I knew back then was Twist and Shout. Right only one minute of the song, the huge crowd of parents and kids started increasing and filling up the school auditorium and I ended up getting a little woozy. It was like only 200 people, but it was big enough to make me pass out. But the only way I did to overcome it was to imagine people in their underwear. It's safe to say that I wasn't afraid anymore. So, if I can overcome it, you can. Trust me, Shelby, I've seen you sing. You can do this."

I still wasn't so sure of this.

"I'm not sure if I can." I shook my head.

"Well, how about you look at me through the rest of the song?" Xander suggested. "Trust me, Shelby. As long as you focus on me, you won't have nothing to worry about. Does that sound good?"

When he felt my hand touch my shoulder, I couldn't help but blush and smile all over.

"Yeah, that sounds good." I nodded.

"All right, I know you can do this!" Xander smiled, patting me on the

shoulder. "Good luck!"

With some words of encouragement, Xander left me alone to warm up. So far, this wouldn't be as bad as I hoped. But still, I had second thoughts.

\*\*A few hours later...\*\*

The rest of Madison Square Garden began filling up one at a time. Looking at that crowd come in looked absolutely massive, almost as if it was bigger than a football stadium. Heck, it was big enough to look like the President's inauguration event. It was amazing, but deep down I was shaking in my knees. I can't believe I have to perform in front of 23,000 people!

How stupid was I when I told Xander I wanted to go through with the concert?!

"Okay, maybe it was a bad idea to go on..." I thought with a gulp.

But somehow, Xander came up to me with a guitar in hand and placed that hand around my shoulder again.

"So, you ready for this?" He replied.

"Yeah, I shouldn't be worried about it." I chuckled, lying under my teeth. "I got it all under control."

"Good. I believe in you, Shelby." He smirked as he left for the stage.

I looked back to the crowd of people, gulping once again. I only hoped to a higher power that there was no sign of any water guns. Hopefully, that wouldn't be the case today. So after I cleared my mind, it was time to go on.

The stage was dark at first, but a few minutes later, red, white and blue lights lit up all across the stage alongside a huge video screen. After checking my hair for any flaws (which luckily for me, there were none), I joined the group of backup dancers as Xander stood all alone in that stage with his trusty guitar. The very same guitar that never left Xander's sight through his 26 years of life. Before he could go onto his song, he sent his mic right to his face.

"You guys ready for a fun night?!" Xander said as the crowd cheered.

The ovation was so loud it was not also hurting my ears to an extent (not literally), but the ovation was big enough to rip off the entire roof of this Madison Square Garden. Xander must be really popular here in the Big Apple.

"I'm glad you think so everyone, because I got a number here that's really gonna shake up the big city!" Xander smirked. "Let's it!"

With a deep breath, he went right into the song, which I identified as Cherry Bomb by John Mellencamp. With the fiddle playing at the

beginning of the intro, my heart started palpitating out of fear. The fear of a water gun coming at me with water squirting and hitting me between the legs was coming to fruition. But yet, I heard what Xander said to me. As long as I looked at him and that guitar of his instead of the crowd, I shouldn't be scared. So, despite the fear I was having, I took his words to use as I soldiered on. After the opening hook, Xander came out swinging on the mic.

\_"Well I lived on the outskirts of town/In an eight room farmhouse, baby..."\_ He sung with ease. \_"When my brothers and friends were around/There was always somethin' doin'/Had me a couple of real nice girlfriends/Stopped by to see me every once in a while/When I think back about those days/All I can do is sit and smile..."\_

Putting my fears aside, I looked at Xander and sung along with him.

\_"That's when a sport was a sport/And groovin' was groovin'/And dancin' meant everything/We were young and we were improvin'/Laughin', laughin' with our friends/Holdin' hands meant somethin', baby/Outside the club "Cherry Bomb"/Our hearts were really thumpin'/Say yeah yeah yeah/Say yeah yeah yeah..."\_

So far, I got through the lyric without the thought of a lemonade-filled water gun hitting below the belt. While I still looked far away at him, the song kept on continuing.

\_"The winter days they last forever..."\_ I sung out with confidence.

\_"But the weekends went by so quick..."\_ Xander sung back in response. \_"Went ridin' around this little country town/We were goin' nuts, girl, out in the sticks/One night, me with my big mouth/A couple guys had to put me in my place/When I see those guys these days/We just laugh and say 'do you remember when...?'"\_

Yet, without any thoughts of water or lemonade coming straight at me, we sung the chorus yet again.

\_"That's when a sport was a sport/And groovin' was groovin'/And dancin' meant everything/We were young and we were improvin'/Laughin', laughin' with our friends/Holdin' hands meant somethin', baby/Outside the club "Cherry Bomb"/Our hearts were really thumpin'/Say yeah yeah yeah/Say yeah yeah yeah..."\_

As the song was cut to intermission, the fiddle solo began to break out as Xander tapped his foot to the beat. And so was I.

Xander even took time to look right directly at me and wink at me, as if he was saying, 'You're doing a good job'. Of course, he could've either said it to the two girls, but I knew it in my heart and spirit that he was looking right at me. I felt my heart melt with such passion. It feels like the more I'm focusing on Xander, the less I'm being afraid of a hydrogenic firearm coming towards me. After the little intermission, Xander got back on the mic.

\_"Seventeen has turned thirty-five/I'm surprised that we're still livin'/If we've done any wrong..."\_ he sang while shooting a glance at me.

\_"I hope that we're forgiven..."\_ I said, singing back at him.

With a smirk, he sung back to the crowd.

\_"Got a few kids of my own/And some days I still don't know what to do/I hope that they're not laughing too loud/When they hear me talkin' like this to you..."\_

So far, we were pulling out all the stops.

Throughout the whole song, I never stopped looking at him. It was very clear that he was the entire cure to my little fear of stage fright. Heck, I haven't even looked to the crowd the whole single time we we're singing. I knew that at this moment, I could accomplish anything I could put my heart in if I focused on nothing but Xander the whole time. He was somehow becoming my inspiration. As the song was coming to a close, we put our hearts out on the open as we sung the closing verse:

\_"That's when a sport was a sport/And groovin' was groovin'/And dancin' meant everything/We were young and we were improvin'/Laughin', laughin' with our friends/Holdin' hands meant somethin', baby/Outside the club "Cherry Bomb"/Our hearts were really thumpin'/Say yeah yeah yeah/Say yeah yeah yeah..."\_

After the song was finally over, we had a standing ovation.

The feeling was electric enough to send shockwaves through my body, leaving me to shock someone, but it was all worth it. It was all worth it to sing out my best, even if I really had a couple of solo lines in the song. And not for once, I didn't worry about any water guns shooting at me, thinking I've urinated on stage. I realized that my fear was way in the past. It had been 15 years since I was shot with a water gun, and not once throughout the performance had I've seen one from the audience at all.

Feeling relief in my heart that my fear was gone, Xander got back on the mic.

"How did you all like it?" He asked everyone.

Once again, the ovation was ecstatic. The fans never thought something that sounded so country-rock in the 80's would feel cool and amazing. And to me, it felt cool and amazing that I could get through this concert with no problems at all. After the ovation died down, Xander spoke yet again.

"Believe you me, everyone, it's gonna get better than that!" Xander replied. "Let's turn this up shall we?"

**\*\*Two hours later...\*\***

I was wiping up the rest of the sweat I formed in my forehead when Xander came up to me.

"Shelby, you did it!" He replied.

"Thanks Xander, I did what you said and I wasn't afraid at all!" I spoke back, giving him a hug.

Xander was speechless from this unexpected gesture. He didn't know if he wanted to back away from me or perhaps faint to the floor and pass out. He had no idea how he should respond. But after seconds of that hug, Xander knew the only way he responded...

...

...

...by hugging me back.

Just the feeling of his strong arms wrapping around my back like a present made my blush brighter than it already was. Xander looked very warm as a comfy blanket covering me from the cold. I think there were butterflies literally forming out of my stomach from that hug. Oh, if only I could hold onto him forever.

"I'm glad you took my advice." Xander said, smiling at me.

"Yeah..." I nodded, losing my voice a bit.

"Here's what I don't get out of all of this," Xander shrugged. "If you were having stage fright this time, why did you agree to be my backup singer?"

That question of his actually caught my interest. I had no choice but to bite my lip and twirl my hair as a result.

"Well, to be honest, there was a reason why I took this job." I sighed.

"What's that?" Xander said with his eyebrow raised.

With yet another deep breath, I tiptoed up to Xander's height, placed my hands on his shoulders...

...

...

...

...

...and kissed him.

The kiss I gave Xander looked more speechless than the hug I gave him. By now, his heart and breath would have been stopped altogether in a moment like this. I didn't care if it felt forced or out of passion, but for some strange reason, I felt like it was the right thing to do. After seconds of that kiss, I broke away from him with the perfect response I could ever tell him:

"I wanted to be close to you..."

With a response like that, Xander couldn't help but smile right back.

"To be honest myself, I chose you so I could be close to you too." He sighed. "You're quite beautiful."



"I could say the same thing about you too..." I said, feeling my heart sigh.

My blush came back with a response like that. Being lost in this moment, we both shared another kiss without anyone watching us. And lucky for the both of us, nobody even watched us. I knew at this moment, I found someone who will always help me no matter what kind of trouble I face myself in. And having to face this world tour with Xander by my side, I was never afraid of my fear again.

Deep down, Xander wasn't just your ordinary guy, or a guitarist. He wasn't just more than an inspiration to me.

To everything, he was my cure.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Awww, that was really nice for me to write!<strong>

\*\*I could probably imagine Shelby Marcus and Xander together as a cross-fandom couple just in case if things didn't work out well between Xander and Emma. Don't get me wrong, I think Emma's such a beautiful pretty girl, and so is Shelby (her lips are gorgeous). But this would be quite an interesting scenario in case if Xander hadn't met Emma in a very alternative timeline.\*\*

\*\*Anyway, I couldn't think of a last name to give Xander, so I chose Quinn in honor of the actor who plays him, Kevin Quinn (which sings the BUNK'D theme song, isn't that awesome?!).\*\*

\*\*Anyway, what did you think of the couple? Would you like to see more from me involving these two? Feedbacks are welcome! Until next time, Warrior out! REKT! (Yeah, it's a Gamer's Guide reference.)\*\*

End  
file.